THE SANNOTS.

One

Wet puppy nose president: next
your skeleton, officially
pardoned, climbs out your mouth. pity
the meatballs of the field: this spring
farmers praised their eyelashes, stain
on jack nicholson’s shirt now. eat
topless, dipshit. we all know you
have nipples: the end’s showing through

Two

When you hit forty, a brick will
have achieved more. just as dense
but solid friends, a use, more time
to crumble in instalments. get
in: you've driver's ed with my hearse.
hands at tomorrow and zero.
mirror: 'ugh!' hit that wall head on.
one of these speedbumps is your son

Three

Rubbed teacher's apple, said: 'i wish
a little worm lived in me too
wearing a hat with a feather.'
rubbed with medicinal shampoo
seconds later. a vein-like bulge
wrote out on your forehead: 'this worm
knew only agony, then died.'
'fuck! i *am* the teacher!', you cried

Four

Been butlering nudie mags all
day, that so called disciple of
the sun, that salary that pen
guins can't earn. god double dares you
to quit your tit accidents, have
kids, who might do beautiful
outdoors, be quite unlike a chore:
their sega genesis called for

Five

‘That’s assault, brotha’, you tell time.
but at least the industrial
revolution changed the modern
novel’s face forever, yours keeps
on changing like it’s some quicksand
your eyes fell into. peeing’s cool!
but peeing on yourself? pee out!
stop wasting good jeans! help the drought!

Six

Real soon, even page sixty nine
of ‘my sister fanny’ won’t be
funny and all those flaming bags
of poop, a sad waste of that gift
cavemen gave us, a dog’s relief
and your shoes. try today, junior.
share your heinie and park your ban
ana: your face is a dead man

Seven

Wow, it’s award winning blue duck!
first one to coin ‘quacktastic’, uh . . .
be blue? his rareness won't preserve
my felicidades: ‘daddy’’s
his last chance to be more than just
a revolting blob subscription.
look at it another way: ‘noon.’
that’s half, dude. buenas noches soon

Eight

Everyone in this room is now
dead after living just to spell
out ‘ouch.’ time awards you no points.
disqualified for your hot slop
py affair with death’s husband, sleep.
styx boatman floats in, one arm out,
thumb down. quick! hum in wombs, squort
sons, with them, beat hell’s divorce court!

Nine

You broke your glass, said, ‘i bet it
looks half full in my jugular!’
widows’ tips have ruined your game.
greener grass takes care of itself
now you can no longer cut it.
i’m saying i worry your leg
acy sucks. take kids hostage!
and make them wear masks of your face

Ten

Shit out of shanties, took my hand
lebar moustache and commanded
all of my fellow elderly
to fix up this damn hole you call
a home. who laid the last brick, bitch,
on the pyramids? correct. now,
climb up our walkers to the roof.
see! it lets in drips, son: you’re proof

Eleven

grandpa bed death don't abandon
you at god’s intercom, describes
your finger paintings as excellent.
smooches away your failures, like
mommy did dirt with a wet wipe.
dying alone: endless out of
your range karaoke power
ballads booed. so! make babies, or - ?

Twelve

When i do count the cold cuts in
my foot long, thinking back on, stacked
to skyscraper heights, each subway
i’ve eaten over a life, gone
brown now their lettuce, aged to shreds:
once one dense head no hand could tear . . .
then, having it death's way, i know.
nothing but a kid’ll him whoa

Thirteen

Talk about your all time backfires,
kid, your life, you can't just take her.
guns: indiscreet as tax seizures.
bridges have tourism too. too
rich a meal, biting through your wrist!
whatever keeps giving wood should
swing with wood. durability
that breaks you in bits: family!

Fourteen

Eyes a five a.m. blue of balls:
that bastard restart, tomorrow.
let me guess: eat pieces of shit
for breakfast, drinking a warm glass
of shut the hell up. ‘we’ll see you
in the parking lot’, we scream at
the horseys of ol yesterday’s
carousel: ‘ . . . we’re now? time’s bullies!?’

Fifteen

‘You lose’: an asteroid hole in
one-ing the earth. ‘infinity
over par, folks. all of you sucked.’
little good we did in the weeds!
our gooey undoing cooked in
the whoop de doo that we begged to
differ from our bacteria.
least poems: always here for ya!

Sixteen

So, actually? words tappy tap?
less audience than an arm would
growing out my ass. my advice?
go art your self. rhyme skin and skin.
yay splay. lay in hay disarray.
chez ballet mainstay: ‘pray: threeway?’
matinee: lingerie. entrée:
spray vertebrae?! make! a! baybay!

Seventeen

Flight where the view is of nothing.
and in the aisle's elbows bashed in.
offered chicken and fish, succumbed
to the same diarrhoea. but
worse, like a washed out van halen
shirt, your type's fading away. jinx
proof the years' cruel, beef reaping dance:
'see, he's not lost it: hot infants!'

Eighteen

My badly attended keynote:
‘dank fragments.’ you couldn’t make it.
ten, i’m alone in a toilet
hiding from further discussion
of white space, ellipses, sappho,
none of which my keynote on weird
twitter had addressed. all the lights
in the art school get turned off. nice.

Nineteen

Terrible rental brief stint as
final warning's vocalist. my
sole credit: a number left off
the album, 'i'll grow mould with you.'
got thrown out for trying to murder
our studio's landlord. he'll learn!
we won't pay what his gross hole's owed.
keep my jar of pennies screwed closed.

Twenty

Lam amend a madre's derma
made me a dream man, a dam, mand
ala ladder. demand a sad
dle damsel, larded mensa ra
men. dread nada named adrenal
slander. males, sad mansard dandlers
meld mesa and medal: learn sand.
lad's rasa: as samara, land

Twenty One

Who needs their sick bags? you're my in
flight entertainment. no big clap
of cloud rage rocks my guts nor geese
fois gras'd in the engine. mid-air
collision with god's wagging fing
er? i'd shrug. like 9/11,
you're an inside job. punched an ox
ygen mask: 'i've met the black box!'

Twenty Two

Skin all lit up at your wedding
‘the fuck you want?’ with ‘where you been
my whole life?’, lungs full of neon.
rectum excreting ‘re mi’ since
my intestinal music’s yours.
stomach me. no loan from the bank
to pay for extra prime rib. your
heart, mine: my bum one yours, ever

Twenty Three

Tonnes mouth okay church tongue. not me
not near you. goo a la ga ga
or curtain virgin. the infirm
upstage me, rap via IV.
i am a flock of seagulls cause
i ran out of similes but
a bold mechanical bull, how
i’m jerking you, says it all now

Twenty Four

My eyes turned their tourettes to you.
the grand canyon glanced back: all holes.
one wonder, one windows in which.
hand me this morning yesterday.
how much seeing makes ‘seen’ honest.
i’m a big fan of your ‘one more
outburst out of you’ voice. mutants
like me, appreciate the chance

Twenty Five

Let captain insane-o be dis
courteous to mercy. some day
he'll age to see his eyes gouged. yup,
even god’s orneriest gators’
oblongatas eat shit. but us
chickens get revived by chuggin
your arctic glacier water. then,
colonel sanders? we slaughterim

Twenty Six

Them younguns plumb don’t need ya, huh?
say the work’s just bout driiied up: pay
no mind, son, i’ll use you fa hooch.
what i gots git’s ayimpairtiff.
see, ma moonshine’s bad, bwoy: criiine
ow fuh sumya boiled down hwet-*tuh*.
wan makes it worth drainin? til thain
i’ll snort your armpits, hwailin, ‘hwhain?!?’

Twenty Seven

I earned *ma* coma. i'm whoar out
bein ya electrizzdy. air
time y'all wanted light, i showed up.
gots buzzin. same went with whoatuh.
nuth one mine. hope dehydration
works for ya! i'm brain dead! down in
hell now! mud wrestlin jesus.
he's jealous of *me*? believe this?

Twenty Eight

Me, momma’s main ami: shirt streaked
with sweat right out the door, you reach
the sun’s whew’s real deep heating source
to smash in that galactic imp
oster and don’t bust a bead. i
ask you, true sun, for a cooler
summer verb: ‘smoulder’ or ‘glisten.’
get ‘gatorade bottle pissin’

Twenty Nine

Aged to ‘nope’ in the head, loathed my
own expense laugh. why’d i learn
card tricks? i'll be french and toothless
bad politics if i could just
get social skills, new me: wasted
whatever i have loved like knees
on snakes. but think on you and small
talk seems the easiest of all

Thirty

L'internal lieutenant to my
belly button absorption: time
d’accord-ing dust’s touch. learn a thud
dialect for my troubles, eat
fish hook fuel to level my eyes'
ph at an estuary’s brim.
then i raise your ass, son, that could
coach sunlight to golden: i'm good

Thirty One

That ass, though, gargantua to
me: seat of all my once upon
a time hard's desires. life's ovum
or orbs in distant heavens it
beats, so: watch jaws drop each night, when
i break for you before the punt
but nonetheless trophied. *yezzir*!
i'm still your star wide receiver

Thirty Two

Now you listen here, kids: i’m lawn.
life layered on the dirt some: i'm gone.
this ‘in my day’ addict edicts
your hurt has just seen fate’s honest
transcript. so here’s your last towel whip,
university of boys. no more
drillin. but damn. do i love youse?
harderin any dad’s KA-DOOSH

Thirty Three

Main menu? how? you were seconds
late. oh, you felt that you couldn't
ask? but you got us this vodka
on credit? what happened to fresh
start saturday? sober, bird, worm
shit and then: a calm fast food breakfast
in the car. i've no mcmuffin.
so, now? from me? expect nothing

Thirty Four

You promised us bacon and eggs
then for dinner a lasagna
got fucked and handed out thirty
ketchup packets. enjoy a me
tabolism where you lose fast
er: look, none of the clothes you stained
fit. is it worth dirty to eat
at all or, starve: admit defeat

Thirty Five

No more crying ‘next time, kill me’:
parenting has a urine smell
and brunch is a roommate swearing.
all juries bastards and me, my
own therapist: this uneasy
annex building to house where dad
yells. life’s not something you outgrow.
balls all wrinkly from the get-go

Thirty Six

Let's agree to a screen then be
tween us, some mouthed sayonaras.
i'll pay for your phone bill alone.
in even your tightest tank top
room for two arms but just one head.
i felt me tear it. i won’t share
my wheelchair or be the swell in
them lymphs. keep the sweat you’re selling

Thirty Seven

This daddy dusty scored 'don't die'
off of his five year plan seeing
the future fuck us good, my bad
genes sued for better parents: you.
bought your blood’s electricity.
with each day, easier shits: your
honour, i wipe my own ass. phew!
just don’t crank our body beaucoup!

Thirty Eight

Hell yes, i have unleashed puddles
wholly puppy, but i don't see
the need to take a bath. i re
ly not on some nanny, roller
blading down to install clean’s lot
tery ticket in my jockeys.
i’ve life insurance for pee spill,
baby: i won’t leak if you will!

Thirty Nine

Dumpster consumption's my calling.
sniff this! it's yesterday's score: some
sort of chicken and egg puree.
a stink pilgrim, i've been picked to
as every chosen nose has
walk in the path of our heavenly
farter. i'll stop chasing dirt, if
you don't only distantly whiff

Forty

Love then take these handcuffs i'm not
houdini. that well respected
elephant hider would never
believe i don’t need two mirrors.
you’ll go: i won’t have to practise
holding my breath for that. suits me,
the moister tortures! no scuba!
last jerk and i’m turning blue: ta- !

Forty One

Made one career ending call: i
paid the other team so he'd score.
now, binoculars, tour group, night,
bushes suburban, window: 'sure.
we could all debate my mistakes
til dawn or! make use of this tree.
need someone young to climb up, ask
she wipes that damn steam off his glass'

Forty Two

Knock knock: i’m beast magazine’s
defilement of the month. i fold
out, look, so you can punch me in
the dick. but couldn’t have done it
without you two. thanks for the night
sweats. chums continued, chew what may.
lil eternal reminder:
we’re one, so that’s my throat, tell her

Forty Three

I don't profit pop-eyed, nipple
rubbingly awake. but nodding
off, up ahead’s this big light you.
attached to a lot of metal
it could boil coke to pepsi.
who needs extra warm ski gear? me,
i'm not heading anywhere but
this chair to clock out, sleep you up

Forty Four

To be the speed of fuzzy, that
motion of a notion freed: stay
bodied all of ye evilly in
my way. i'll keynote states of mind
and not of chicagos. yes, be
glass things, stainless spoon backs, moons in
water, old man in election:
too tough to beat on reflection

Forty Five

Who'd be fondlin lucifer? my
hard earned's all yours. nix specifics:
you're the shiznit. i'd die to wash
my winky in your sinky. but
i live like furniture screaming,
'i was dependent on walls!': bad
being out. yet, i'm famously
goofy bout flame broiled and beefy

Forty Six

Who rules from out of my stomach
and my speech impediment? deep
south, all parties concerned love piss
ing off the other via you.
alas how little law unless
a lisp learns from where it gets kissed.
feel my butterflies grow bloated.
ass gas can’t get sugar coated

Forty Seven

So: stammer’s in and stomach's out
rent you down the middle. my yes
hole asks what festival's today:
maybe a physique movies you.
my toilet's town hall is hungry
for hearing you. two hillbillies
come, blow over each instrument:
‘y’all know which one here’s his fund’ment?’

Forty Eight

Learned anagrams smart but wall up
at questioning or some sunlight.
what's up? you are making this egg
head very nervous. nothing feels
more like the door to your house is
covered in bees for me than dick
heads knock knocking, free as they please.
let me be one of those air thieves

Forty Nine

You fuckin? the price will be skull
paralysis. yes, i'm happy
to hold. you fuckin? the price
is pulling tongues panting me since
you’re only involved in my mouth
now like a dentist. you fuckin?
checks price. oh. i see. that’s quite fair.
but, look, uh, it doesn’t matter

Fifty

What i'm driving at is don’t go
and leave my car responsible
for your to-fro point of view, all
air: ports and con. oh, that more than
your keys could live with me: fun! dust
the plants and water your shelves (don’t
ask) and think, ‘he could really change.’
see. even alone, i give brain

Fifty One

My car fucked a small piano:
no notes. walk in your direction:
homo's just a typo. her birth
day cake is smooshed round your mouth. smash
all of the sliding glass doors in
your house i'm so sorry i left
no reason for you to treat me
this way: start killing me weekly

Fifty Two

I gave you all of the credit
cards. me, sir your-hand-is-bleeding
endlessly down on one knee: look
forward to hearing your sister
is a liar. i'm numbed from life
long jet lag but never had one
vacation. maudlin coupon
could-bes are no good for you, hon!

Fifty Three

How do you dress the hell out you:
defined for your voltage, home phones
melt from ‘oh man’ tone millions.
will you work as a description?
i ask all my followers draw
pictures. confucius say: ‘ . . . the fuck?’
‘i can’t!’, sobs machiavelli.
socrates crayons sneakily ‘ω’

Fifty Four

They sell my secret pudding in
these four packs but insanely each
cup has its own barcode for miles.
teriyaki chicken tasty
sure, but that won't bring me your ha
waii. just desserts and i'll
have got you, who'll long have known gone
everywhere. these lines show where from

Fifty Five

I'm feeling like coral reef, when
its soul hurts from people's garbage.
not even racist proverbs last
longer than hearing me screaming
'that's that!' at my love's room number.
'fine. just redeem the four blondes, but
after: you're done.' his mattress man:
' . . . he's on our frequent flyer plan . . . '

Fifty Six

Yes, you can be a pervert and
not pay for it. threatening dick
in a giveaway promotion
organised jointly by you, this
fucking shit you're sick of and my
crying problem. prying around
my worth, i tore out its toilet.
one rhyme you suggested: 'spoiled it'

Fifty Seven

‘My school shooting days are over’
said the liar to the other
side of the armrest. ‘i intro
duced the spoon into the adult
ice cream industry. hear that frog?
in europe it’s not considered
unusual for up to four men
to share a name. what’s yours again?’

Fifty Eight

Mid-air assault with a stapler.
no more angry masturbation
from these lips. you think eskimos
seem nice? just watch me stewardess
the black wolf that swallows my brain.
i've blocked out seats for every one
of your testicles with legs. serve
with wide-eyed nodding, them hors d'oeuvres

Fifty Nine

Cornered, start blaming the alpha
bet for its propping up slurs, like
‘nag’, ‘retard’, ‘cheater’ and ‘skank.’ it
gets up on capital letters
huger than buddha or plot points:
‘**HOPE WE MISHEARD *NAM RETURN*:**
BEATEN. UNTHANKED.’ i restore peace:
‘words, we thank you for your service’

Sixty

Shark dreams that it’s a cashier.
ceases to shank ahead: dead. so
my inciting handshake did miss
you. no assigned delight in grown,
becoming alumni, uncured.
time: takes away petite, dunks, gives
actor's studio deluded.
won’t say ‘eggs break’: ‘yolks denuded’

Sixty One

‘Nothing about a mirror’s verb
atim’, you say as your nostril
chopper picks up the survivors
off its surface. put a notch
on the bedpost each time i call
you an ambulance. monk-like: ‘life’s
the opposite of a jiffy.’
i add: ‘yeah. *unfortunately*!’

Sixty Two

Hit with a ‘happy now, asswipe?’
yep. standard for me. still i feel
pretty fa la la la like i’ve
never ‘hell yeah’-ed back. save me once:
stealing my voice, just say, ‘sorry.
i was short before. but it’s hard
to express yourself while edging.
shared pants explosion? quite fetching’

Sixty Three

When thirty court ordered sessions
have sentenced you as me, my love
and time has violated our
threesome code of ethics to play
smug tennis with that pregnant aunt
your youth, i take my position
on french kisses: very firmly
push these lines in, witty and gay

Sixty Four

Saw tomorrow, death’s therapist.
looked at his watch a minute in.
it’s that far from doctor's note to burn.
goodbye, chin. bejesus, disease
dissembles dukes’ and lackeys’ jazz
alike. licking oblivion
takes more discipline than this: end
what you will do to me. again

BRASSIMUS
DONT HAVE A CVG

Sixty Five

Beat bed and bath, fresh beyond red
lobsters: what ceilings your cheekbones!
laugh of dolphin incredible.
to configure that luxury
hotel atrium waterfall
your life, to just end after what?
few junes? please. take my arteries.
no good huh? well, largely it’s cheese

Sixty Six

Big unhealthy reply all, i
count why to kill me, thinking soon.
gone tastes bitchin’ to shitting or
yodel to non-returnable
cough. got chemo for email. nice
unemployed weekend disrespect.
want to count to kill me: can't. i
love you too much enough to try

Sixty Seven

What can we learn from the first man
to clone himself now he's suing
himself for molesting himself.
time cannot be frozen to fart
on the inexplicably jacked
architect heading up our firm
ness. might i suggest: some shit nug
gets moulded from you? god's less smug

Sixty Eight

Consider collar calculus.
blue or white, it was corporate
a second after conception.
but your hope has unemployed hair
surgeons and leprechauns both.
even my robotic cancer
sniffing dog’s a clock twice a day.
though you don’t need recharging: stay

Sixty Nine

Who made you the prince of tummy
recovery. your breath still smells
like all of the handfuls of coins
you insist on eating to pay off
your debt to diabetes. fast
forward two hundred years: buttholes
have been sewn up as deviant.
weakly, a colon’s voice: ‘we can’t . . . ’

Seventy

In such a future for buttholes
bellies have tongues that are dangling
down from the navel and mainly
useless except for at formal
occasions where they've replaced ties.
then they are sprayed with armani
concentrate that makes them fluent
like hands and, in speedos, truant

Seventy One

Also, you know the song linger
as sung by the cranberries plays
any time you're thinking too much
about the colour of your high
school prom queen's angora, instead
of the pain your mother went through
to have you. this is the future.
a poem ago: remember?

Seventy Two

The future isn’t a father
egghead or magician, it’s no
hopeful wedding cake speech. it’s just
cornflakes. probably. correction:
the only thing that people eat
tomorrow are the documents
proving that dragons exist but
they hide, cuz our shit’s a bit much

Seventy Three

Asked for a second opinion.
they removed my entire body.
briefly, hopscotch was its calling.
then, full of the adrenaline
of which me, the head, had been
sole beneficiary and which
i used for sniffing your pictures:
it found out that it could lift cars

Seventy Four

‘Your honour i call to the stand
my first witness: piss itself. piss
how would you describe these poems?’
‘phone alarm, february, that thinks
it sounds like violin wrinkles.
a sack of smoke auditioning
for the role of first pillowcase.
fundraiser for germs’ rights. z’s taste’

Seventy Five

Enunciating with each strand
of your moustache that dracula
can’t be a bottom, that coffers
aren’t for dead people but jacuzz
i honeymoons, challenging spag
hetti sauce in the microwave
for how quickly things got heated:
the priest coughed, said ‘please be seated’

Seventy Six

Before, you'd petition corners.
collect rectangle's signatures.
'a circle: abomination,
which does not occur in nature.
without wheels, we'd skip everywhere.
relay races? banned and renamed
'baton swallowing.' take this ring:
a triangle's much more my thing'

Seventy Seven

And now: this garter i give you
grants you in the vernacular
my eternal domestic part
ner ship. my obligated drool
rough pirate environment wet,
which soaks even your graveside. ‘nope.’
i don’t float your boat. you sink mine.
every man aboard forms a line

Seventy Eight

‘Bad news, hon, i didn’t get
my electrolysis all clear.
i’ll be bigfoot for career day
each year. but got vicodin. hot
dog salad for lunch, hon. earlobes
need tagged too. soon my whole head will
be a wall of hair, hon. bye, then.
wait! this flea stuff needs applying.’

Seventy Nine

Robot voice: ‘at the the tone it will
be thirty lit farts past lunchtime.’
i axe-murdered all your prospects.
to tuba one long note like you:
more breath than god blew me up with.
detective hurt testicles, took
all your legitimate fruits in
for questioning. charge? too toothsome!

Eighty

Melodramatic: ‘dude, same.’ flames
sprinkle bedroom window glass at
our feet. ‘here’: *hot n homeless* brace
let in the light of a fire truck.
‘how’d you do it? i rubbed two
coconuts together for hours.
island style! psst. don’t over-grieve.
i knew him. he told me he’d leave.’

Eighty One

Born hard as trigonometry.
nah. can’t be, since, me, primary
cardholder wasn’t present. come
once a year, birthday cake rent, leave.
have you blown out its boundaries?
okay. some time off in trade. me:
poem’s ‘bad dog’ perimeter.
for you: accents unsimilar

Eighty Two

I get it, i’m no veteran
terrorist of their tennis camp
salons, won’t hose down with bubblech
sprayed big fancy. i am only
be stiff for you, but a rembrandt
of the grenade’s better suiting
men minimum penachim, yes?
who having the worm and impress?

Eighty Three

Is no fake, i'll minimal make
mount everest much cooler: you.
come disco, to haggle over
stereo. shrug. sing you later.
can hurt no beaverim to go
out of business not being you.
more jugular, just your shoulder!
no boning of the beholder!

Eighty Four

Some saliva on those bad boys
which conference you most. wild oats
choke throats: mine gulps nice with just you!
they’ve ancestral grudge worth of foam.
‘cool and good rabies!’: their ad men.
you’re natural, perky, always
first class. they lick? look: small talking
makes your silky smooth quite shocking

Eighty Five

You: retired variety
of poker face. any corner
store has me stocked up to kiwi
strawberry flavour. no good. dis
infect your surfaces too: such,
must beg your puffy lips' pardon.
left pleasuring you in just thoughts.
won't make you allergic, like wasp

Eighty Six

Noise is like rollercoaster mall
surrounded by generations
of mothers: very nails to me.
their oxygen: i’m shown technique
to eat soap. all collateral
mensch stank must be skedaddle.
what they can accept: your onion
souped. but if raw: too villain

Eighty Seven

On the side of the scud missile:
‘going out of business.’ i’ll be
finally my vivacious self
as a phantom, though, alas, i’ve
betrayed you, my workplace, satan
and mariah by pressing this
button in its first place. hit me
in these united states: yippee!

Eighty Eight

I’m at our border throwing shoes
back at my country, like, ‘heel thy
self.’ ‘and now, here's the leather.’ et
cet. hey! nobody spits at me
but you. instigator and land
grabber, i give you permission.
fiction me cool: ‘half piranha.’
‘most bastard.’ ‘krav maga santa.’

Eighty Nine

You naked me in the daylight.
i'll hand you a magnifying
glass and tweezers penile. don't laugh.
yes, i, buffoon, forever said
i’d a big honker. platonic?
stick to the termites: ‘daddy like!’
not knowing dudes, i won’t seem wrong.
yup! fucked my bug wife all along!

Ninety

In one word ‘guv'nor’, a second
‘parole’ as the world's ‘nein’ shoves me
basically down the stairs. ‘please not
fresh IBS’, as i'm served fa
jitas, which keep me en suite as
i drag our dinner’s discount out.
take it from me, no sizzling first:
i've known the buffet’s after's worst

Ninety One

Some have flat buttcheeks, some have win
ston churchill god mantles, some dot
com office managers die in
e-scooter fires. but you, love:
limoed out giggling, make thick
clapped orbs look sad, the nazis worse.
need only cry out ‘numbing cream!’
the day you wind up a wet dream

Ninety Two

So do your most cleft and split. me:
won't need a veil or a moustache.
your blade. that hurt pathetic fee
ling gone, beyond reconstructing.
FWOCK! sliced from the hair down in half.
teppanyaki precision. fuck
ing coolest i've ever looked. SHLUP!
i leave me in two ways: 'sup?'

Ninety Three

Auditioning for ‘heineken
homeless.’ exterior: always.
my head’s stomped. ‘oh, ello, squire!’
no accent. right. you don’t make scenes.
your cardiologist worry.
startle the symmetry from glass
or on apples rub clearasil.
your hotness huh? quite the molehill

Ninety Four

An easter island head, his voice:
meow-like. his eyes: lagoon-side
tiki flames round a ritual
slaughter. oh, those shy sheep who don't
baa the moon sure *seem* good, but
their wool's floss brittle, slop hole stench,
meat lurks in cafeteria
freezers: foot mouth criteria

Ninety Five

To liebchens in spring compare me:
skidmark, boarding school train severe.
surgery detail looks away
in disgust. eurotrashenese
word for me would be symphony
of stuffed crust mess with no napkins:
‘kaputt.’ kill me now. here: brochure.
my year pile’s collapsing. make sure

Ninety Six

I've always admired our mail
man. never met him sober, still
there's a guy with his fingers on
the crust and not in the pie, right.
how many addictions could he
blackmail us for! at halloween
he always wears that pirate hat.
helped you to pick out a doormat

HAT

Ninety Seven

I stayed in bed and made my sweat
shadow do my shift in dad's pet
store. all the rodents approached him
with interest, everyone else
shrugged: 'and? he's always been a stain.'
when spoke to he too stared blankly,
faded and smelling of cumin.
his only thought: 'need a human'

Ninety Eight

What would i be if he never
darkened my armpits again? some
sort of pure cool crystal maybe,
which deals with stress differently? not
suggesting another beer in
hooters with ‘flagon, my liege’, all
unnerving ‘milady’ splendour.
ransom note returned to sender

Ninety Nine

I'm no diarrhoea weirdo,
but what if this brown was his hair?
no mocha chocolate blend could
look healthier. natural blonde?
i still wet the bed at forty!
been researching painless ways
to make him blush. things excreted
define him: we're both completed

One Hundred

My sweat shadow's learned how to speak.
he picked it up it from dad's bird ho
tel. 'tu ook blarda', at first, which
of course i had to assume meant
'i love you.' his colour darkens.
'blarda.' 'this pizza i'm eating?'
'blarda.' 'ah, so you're hungry?' he
nods. lifts his hand to my kidney

One Hundred and One

Luckily, my sweat shadow lost
interest after the first murder.
even if i tried to drape them
boa-like, va-va-voomish round
his neck, the organs ignored him.
everything but me does. they flopped
wet, brown and red on the floor. so
got down and refilled dad’s torso

One Hundred and Two

‘Head’s up, quasimodo’, i hear
right as the coffee splatters me.
accurate. though my hump is just
every piece of clothing i own.
i sleep like this. my sweat shadow
wants to gain mass so i have to
top him up constantly. feel, see
sort of a pore colostomy

One Hundred and Three

Computer dating: a total
success. someone named funbucket
mails us out a week's worth of gush.
and my sweat shadow can't absorb
enough. think i've lost him, but then
my panic brings him back to me.
months in, his middle looks more swollen.
me: 'raise-this-child-as-my-own' zen

One Hundred and Four

Mulling over an ambulance
when my sweat shadow's water breaks.
but since he is water, sort of,
his water's like powdered sugar:
talc squorted out of the bottle.
this dust, i realise, is his child.
twins, in fact. one asbestos voice:
'dad dead now. we fuck you. make choice'

One Hundred and Five

Nude again inside the cardboard
box painted silver: ‘insert please
your passionate moaning request
form, master. beep boop computing.
i’ll collaborate and listen
i mean, calibrate and list them
wet nights of the soul, you squished in.
first, beep, pull bro-bot’s ignition’

One Hundred and Six

You were in the hedgehog business.
workaholic for rolling in
to a ball, oncoming traffic.
i was shirtless and chiselled on
a tandem bike with robocop
your kung fu instructor, also
a caveman, comparing knuckles.
you, now 2D: ‘lovely couple’

One Hundred and Seven

Once the last tree had gone, the beav
ers moved into the funeral
home, started eating the coffins.
that’s how you learned mine was empty.
only a printed out groupon
for he-time spa for men and P.
T.O.: ‘can’t be more specific.
i leave you all of my lipstick’

One Hundred and Eight

Middle school librarian, whole
world's microphones at her stomach:
'and now, a few words from the first
man to be surgically unborn.'
me, adult, muffled: 'they filled her
with cucumber and rose infused
water. i'm in an old timey
bathing suit. you know. past the knee'

One Hundred and Nine

Don't you newfound evidence me:
leprechaun shit i am not but
no other lad could lucky me out
from under your rainbow and shorts.
who made you sugar gatekeeper
anyway? why sweat my breakfast?
i'll still lobby your calories.
don't stress about my cavities

One Hundred and Ten

Which every law of science? beef
aroni wicked public puke
me perturbed. i say no to men
us artisanal again: if
it tastes good to me, it is good
for me. fart to table, baby:
fuck! taser me not. maniac.
i'll eat your damn celeriac

One Hundred and Eleven

A month's detention: you’re kidding.
truly i promise to stop
lowering all my goals to gong
show audience respect getter,
wrong limelight. but allow me one
nunchuck twirl nightly for steam off.
my lethalness, not their applause:
the one thing that won’t be verbed ‘was’

One Hundred and Twelve

Booed the old dude wiping the sauce
sachet blush i'd slapping stuck to
his khakis. banned from maccies for
what i call 'condiment whoopie
pushing'. 'you know? because buns?' one
lady, let down sounding: 'just ketchup.'
nothing's more violent than cleaning.
mess is me plus you: our meaning

One Hundred and Thirteen

Go ahead. stick a finger in.
ow, no! remember where mouths are?
you didn't feel my eyeball say
'outside and fragile! close enough!'?
gair gait. gow ook. goo'ingers ing
giggable goo. PLURR! i'm the first
contagious invisible man!
so, i'm thinking feet next. a plan?

One Hundred and Fourteen

Which part of the haunted forest
do you howl from? well, how void of
pig strangling blood is the plumbing
that your right arm is cousin to?
do you ‘was it just yesterday?’
dead mosquitos? when has any
sunrise shoved its garlic bread un
der the beds where you scare children?

One Hundred and Fifteen

A dracula voice is racist.
a race of monsters is something
you humans have in your cities
once a year. first to the church door
(behind which, eligible veg
etarians wait, ouch of pitch
fork tip) wins the right of reply:
‘no from transvainya. pa-ra-guay’

One Hundred and Sixteen

Hung a shrunken head on our door
knob, taught it ‘do not disturb.’ on
ionly, it nodded, croaked, ‘hey.
lemme face the keyhole. it ain’t
nothin creepy, just think i should
know when the hot stuff has started.’
‘hot?’ experienced mummy, this!
threw it round my neck. took fuck tips

One Hundred and Seventeen

Why did that hurt me?, thinks the suit
of armour that you've just clanged in
the balls. 'my balls', moans the hunchback
mistaking a gargoyle for you.
i have lost count of the goosebumps
your passing by pops up like eggs,
hatching when splashed with cold water.
gremlins: your face, but gnawier

One Hundred and Eighteen

Hi! i’m your spleen. i’ve swam in blood
substitutes since they discovered
i’m not just sentient but sad.
fine! you don’t need me anyway
and i told you so. surgery’s
tranquility: wriggly, short.
they’ve kept me to bore every ex
isting disease to death. you’re next!

One Hundred and Nineteen

Grew my square footage from gobbling
on cockroach omelette vomit
bubonic boot print pot pie, i've
given your voided bacon warm
bonjours and welcomed the jelly
of roughhousing rats on bagels.
so, if you’d like me as your part
y planner? deposit’s one fart

One Hundred and Twenty

Would i like to be immortal?
gimme worm itinerary.
saying ‘sure! try!’, since the contact
lenses they’re selling guarantee
hypnosis won’t work and then thinking
i am the sentient spleen god
gave you. a gory divorcee.
my voodoo doll won’t speak to me.

One Hundred and Twenty One

Comparing how i make you feel
to the hiccups. strike one: you spray
painting ‘WASTE’ on our baby. good
news: you have unlimited strikes.
like rapunzel, but with stink lines:
try climbing me without gagging.
my backing group’s name is the sags.
i’m droolio iglesias

One Hundred and Twenty Two

Slapped into a pile of tattoos
i never knew you'd gotten
i identified your body
by the fanny pack we picked out.
camouflage, old, smelly: 'fellas
inside you will find the winning
ticket for the moron jackpot!'
but no. you'd not kept my headshot

One Hundred and Twenty Three

I suffered through life's squatrobics
to earn at last death's long handjob.
but all the cholesterol pills
in history can't make me brief
eleventh grade hard again. gone
from powder dry to diaper dry
without even volunteering
my DNA once. death's leaving

One Hundred and Twenty Four

Until you caught cop dick, our love
could never stroll out this jail free.
hollyweird growl instructor once:
two old steroid hands a sudden.
gang massacred by time's feds, their
ever expanding 'seize hims.' want
an 'all's well' moral testament?
suicide left me tumescent

One Hundred and Twenty Five

Dante with a police escort
visiting all the bullies in
my hometown: gracious and thriving
family men. ‘good to see you.
stay for dinner?’ ‘can’t. corpse. i might
attract sharks to your lovely home.’
‘here’s to our hairlines!’ they toast non
alcoholic beers. ‘what poem?’

One Hundred and Twenty Six

Oh my lovely last day of school.
i'm babbling, 'hey! bygones? great term
inator costume.' his molten
man metal stabs a hole through my face.
'brainiac HQ: adios'
my skull somewhat confusingly
says as it shatters. 'nice arnie',
my schooldays concedes. 'bones: teach me'

One Hundred and Twenty Seven

‘Womany’ meant ‘mommy’ to me.
all those hormones that gave her schiz
ophrenia a different
accent from mine. or else ice cream
that turned out was just fancy soap.
now look: i judge the nobel prize
for the most deceptively lick
able bathroom bar. flipped that quick!

One Hundred and Twenty Eight

Let me be your inflatable.
only your bouncy house ballet.
i begrudge bulging when their bun
ions burn. to be your boing grown
blood reliable, i'd biggest
bubble lab my body, allow
boots. but your tootsies on balance:
how's bout on moi's lips yem plants

IF YOU CAN
READ THIS
YOU'RE IN
FART RANGE

One Hundred and Twenty Nine

Tore up bueno porking prairies.
moon nude in spurs, then spurred, dunes knew.
screwed (i mean, biblical) oodles:
mineshafts collapsing, gulches split.
ravished mud, hankered grass's ass.
daddied bogs, spanked charred campfire ash.
at least half the earth i've entered.
barely making a dent in her

One Hundred and Thirty

Her face is a ten day ride.’ tan
gible’ all you want on a real
borrowed buzzard huevo or five
sacks of flour: her skin's exposed
critter scalp in comparison.
pearl coloured doves? turkey wattle
be a tag more accurate. sweat
ing how to paint her silhouette

One Hundred and Thirty One

As badass as any ‘try it’
eye patch emphatic bandito:
cept me, look, only my head pokes
out your dirt. other fellas’ *ooh*
wees ain’t devoted. leave me here!
‘much obliged! *oohwee*!’, even as
ants eat my meat. i’m no flower!
been showing more bone by the hour!

One Hundred and Thirty Two

Your jawline's the territory
that lights out for me: no homely
folds like my own apple’s rendez.
hombre, no high mountain plateau
righter angled than your molar
holder: so how ’bouts i smooch it.
well, well! lookie here! a stand off!
PEEYOW! well, aw shucks. was just talk

One Hundred and Thirty Three

If i know turds that breath of yours
knocked out my boyfriend and me: hull
laballo me all you like love
but ventilate not my other!
saw you tried to pull out his veins.
ain’t even finish! managed one!
i’d’ve got the job done and made
a lasso to swang round my hade

One Hundred and Thirty Four

I answer the owl's 'WHOM?': 'claro.
what couldn't he do me for?' 'WHOM?'
'nuggets to an unspeakable
degree, 50/50, still he
wouldn't cede me her claim. hell. so.
shot him then chopped him in bits.' 'WHOM?'
'two hands and i had him out-staked.
and now he's the jackpot gets raked'

One Hundred and Thirty Five

Poca-hot-tits, look, please: unclad
with ease. you've had him too, no want
ad galahad need show you ID.
foot edema, me adamant:
'i'm lame, must your uh damn mule mount.'
buckaroo'd gladly off a cliff.
regret-wise, i'd hymn one only:
all her 'had him's! wish i'd cloned me!

One Hundred and Thirty Six

Should age ‘whoa’ your soul’s steady steed
threaten to look it in the mouth.
or point at me, say, ‘no, that’s him.’
i’ll handle the trad rot admin.
cadavering, bad calendar
man: in death as in life: dateless.
sand rare. some addendum no one
reads to. an unrelated yawn

One Hundred and Thirty Seven

Quintessential unlisted numb
er demeanour: like a bedtime
and a dog bite had a baby.
but then she'll draw a crowd the size
of a horse with table manners.
'yoohoos' receive like tornados
do roofs. parade float the beef aisles!
then, snap: it's like we're roach-spray-philes

One Hundred and Thirty Eight

Trapezing into the pants off
dance off portion of your awards
show, i land on the hottest dog
actor in the business. there is
blood all over the first three rows.
booed, i dedicate my win for
haemorrhoids' continued success
to his memory. there's riots

One Hundred and Thirty Nine

Don't make me lick your envelope.
no wedding officiated
by a puppet could be legal.
what use am i then? step inside:
best acoustics on the planet!
in me, whitney broke her record
for longest held note and her back:
yep, i’m hollow for miles. pitch black!

One Hundred and Forty

Today i lost my intellect
ual property case: you can't
copyright a noose? fuck big rope!
already rented my success
castle: once owned by phil spector.
changed my whole name to hulk hangman!
linkin park's 'numb' plays, flat champagne.
nüicide.biz my domain

One Hundred and Forty One

Me so entrée. temple of doom
reservation for two: they rip
your heart out there at the table.
okay: so then mainly dog food.
but the theatre! their trademark
not a drop spillable, instant
killable grab! ‘no, miss, you
will be dining alone. sir’s the stew’

One Hundred and Forty Two

Your laughter whacks me with the smell
of a petting zoo breeze. i'm hand
washing the cardio of boy
friends ago out of your ugly
duckling costume. the only time
i feel alive is with my face
in the toilet. here's my fortune
cookie: 'own farts can't be chewed on'

One Hundred and Forty Three

Oh vegetative toadly hand
some wrestling heel turned dj, i
lied when i said that tsunami
called you a pussy. oh stand up
who pretends he can't catch a break
(secretly rich, hair like dirty
spaghetti): wish on *this* falling
star, bitch: i've hijacked a boeing

One Hundred and Forty Four

Now that i’ve killed all my rivals
in your vast talent management
stable, you will at last sit through
my act. i’m the duke of dug in.
his majesty, king of clingy.
defies even the most diva!
believe this: i’ll never leave ya!
tell mother i will bereave her

One Hundred and Forty Five

Well, i was working in the lab
as a forensic assistant
to holmes comma sherlock himself
when in fact i'd just escaped from
the psych ward upstairs. 'forgive - '
'and forget?' ' - me, young man, but am
i right in deducing you've gone
pee pee?' 'elamentably, holmes.'

One Hundred and Forty Six

‘Pon my soul, sir, i am a wolf.
and in the absence of any
trees and in human company
manners say i must cock against
myself. you’d do well to ask hooooooow
i’ve fallen to such funeral
fawning work. yes, once i was wet
puppy nose president. and yet - ’

One Hundred and Forty Seven

My belly's just said yes, just as
my butt has made room for one more
graveyard smash of her hot puke eggs:
any further donations will
be refused. igor, saviour (he:
perspicacious, compass, thermos)
runs in with the toilet paper.
she: repeats on a connoisseur

One Hundred and Forty Eight

Her eyes's eerie sight: 'surprise!
all along your mattress has been
covered by the ghost of me in
old school form!' she rips me to bits.
'ironically', as the garbage
truck eats me, 'i was voted most
likely to marry his pillow!'
the truck says, 'you taste like sheet, bro'

One Hundred and Forty Nine

Too heavy, bride of spankenstein.
to hit me with this detailed log
of beef, when i would dire my
self in with a tire iron
on your say so! called me a word
search with a single repeating
clue: ‘like a mannequin’s asshole’:
‘looks wrong’, ‘perverted’, ‘cold’, ‘hollow’

One Hundred and Fifty

Death took the spooky liberty
of a head start: ‘hell, i have seen
enough.’ you’ve nightmares of my face
as tomb and titty-twister, ‘whom?’
and homeless. with moon-crazed movements
you escape from my stare’s corn maze:
‘chaperone no more his boogers.
who needs his eye-stalked *AWOOOOGAs*?’

One Hundred and Fifty One

Suspiciously sasquatch in cub
scouts: ‘sure feels great being human
and young!’ BOOM! ‘she loves me not!’ my
skeleton flies twenty five feet
out of my body: the fire
cracker i thought was a flower
ash in my hands. ‘janitor hot
line?’ ‘what’s good for a curse?’ ‘ . . . sawdust?’

One Hundred and Fifty Two

The unfortunate dangling nut
shell. all this? intel on my smell.
it’s grave grave grave’s what i’m saying.
physically speaking: loosened
hooligan soul practising its
yell, boner long since jittery.
no tip to get wet, just regret.
so? i resign the alphabet

One Hundred and Fifty Three

Cupid: to clarify, just cranks
love's A.C. then sleeps in its breeze.
BEEP BEEPs like a watch that tells me
i might have a heart problem, when
a mirror would tell me the same.
lazy old world diamond ass, he
hasn't felt my pressure for years.
i walked out life's exam in tears

One Hundred and Fifty Four

Cupid: consider our honey
moon dead. you were running errands
for first class ice cube jinglers, don't
now be suspicious of my type
written suicide note: it's brought
barely a handful as poor to
our property auction. no hate
but my last words: 'go defecate'